



The PEASANT and JUPITER.

JOVE, the great parent of mankind,
 Once to a PEASANT land assign'd,
 In trust at the year's end to yield
 Half the neat profits of each field ;

With

With this proviso, that the God
 Should now attend the *Farmer's* nod,
 To rain, blow, freeze, or give sunshine,
 Just as the PEASANT should incline :
 On this the man, with pain and toil,
 Plough'd, sow'd and harrow'd well the soil,
 Which first he dung'd, and saw with joy
 Jove, as agreed, his pow'r employ.
 Just as he wish'd, the weather came,
 Nor had one neighbour's fields the same.
 Well, harvest comes---and then he saw
 A field, not full of corn, but straw.
 At this Jove smil'd, who little car'd
 How well in partnership he far'd,
 And only meant to shew, 'tis vain
 For us of seasons to complain.
 See, friend,—he to the PEASANT said,
 How ill, on your own terms, you've sped,
 When wind and snow, and rain and sun,
 Round daily at your option run.
 Go plough, sow, dung, and tend your ground,
 I in my province will be found ;
 Your labour shew, doubt not my skill,
 But leave the weather to my will.
 This said and done—and harvest come,
 Such mighty loads of corn went home,

That